

THE ADVERTISER.

AND CENTRAL ALBERTA NEWS.

VOL. IX.

LACOMBE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1907

NO 19

Local and General.

The Advertiser comes out somewhat late this week on account of our office force celebrating Thanksgiving Day.

At the hockey meeting last Friday evening H. W. Graham was elected manager, Rev. Gordon president, and W. F. Puffer M. P. honorary president.

The clergy of the "Denary of Red Deer" will meet in Lacombe on Tuesday and Wednesday November 5th and 6th. A special public service will be held in St. Cyril's church on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.

A meeting of the ladies from the different churches will be held in the Methodist church at 3 p. m. on Tuesday, November 5th, to complete arrangements for the Hospital Bazaar. All ladies interested please attend.

The Calgary 100,000 Club to the number of two hundred ladies and gentlemen, have been touring Alberta this week on a special train. They were in Lacombe Friday during the noon hour, leaving at one o'clock for Stettin.

A crowded house greeted the "Kitties" Band on their appearance in Lacombe Tuesday evening. The afternoon performance was also well attended. The hearty applause and frequent encores showed the appreciation of the audience.

The opening of the young men's club will be held in the Methodist church on Monday evening, November 4, at 8 o'clock. The new club rooms will be open for a half hour previous to the meeting for the inspection of all who feel interested.

The fourth annual supper and concert of the Blackfries Presbyterian church will be held on Friday evening, November 15. In the concert, local talent will be assisted by friends from Lacombe and Red Deer. The anniversary services will be held on Sunday November 17. Special services morning and evening at 11 o'clock and 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. E. W. McMullen, for more than two years past manager of the Lacombe branch of the Merchants Bank of Canada, has been selected to take charge of a new branch which is being opened at Lethbridge. Mr. McMullen has made many friends here both in business and social circles, and all will regret to see him leave. Mr. A. Belcher, well and favorably known here through his former connection with the Lacombe branch as accountant, will succeed Mr. McMullen as manager at Lacombe.

Dissolution Notice.

Lacombe, Oct. 1, 1907.

The partnership heretofore known as Cameron & Hay is this day dissolved by mutual consent. D. Hay retiring. All accounts due the said known firm must be paid to D. Cameron, and D. Cameron hereby assumes all responsibilities and liabilities of said known firm. Signed D. CAMERON D. HAY.

Lacombe Furniture Store



Soothing slumber is often induced by the kind of bed you lie upon. The luxury of a perfect bed is undeniable, of course. The physical part of it relates to springs and mattress but the consciousness of elegant surroundings has also a soothing effect. We have just received a car load of elegant beds, some that will tempt you. When are you coming to see them?

COFFIN & KLEIN.

THE GLOBE STILL KNOCKING.

The Globe comes out this week with another two column article knocking everything in sight, from the Lacombe Brick Company to the road drag.

The Globe's second attempt to put its interview with Councillor Murphy into type brings a vastly different result than did its first attempt, in which the Globe used the words: Mr. Murphy "said the council had no contract with Mr. Waldern." If the Globe keeps trying long enough it may get down and tell the truth about that interview in some future issue.

The Globe states that a petition signed by over seventy of the heaviest ratepayers of Lacombe "was presented to the council asking that the drain be not constructed this year." A representative of The Advertiser has investigated this matter, fully and finds this to be merely another one of Bro. Halpin's (ahem!) inaccuracies. We find that there is no record nor has anyone connected with the town government any knowledge of such a petition having been presented.

The Advertiser begs to remind the Globe that the leaders of both the Reform League and the Opposition forces in last December's election stood pledged if elected to use their best endeavors to have a town drain put in. And we will further remind the Globe that every ballot that was cast at that election was an unequivocal endorsement of that drain plank regardless of which ticket that ballot was cast for. Then what are we to think when the Globe states that the Public Works Committee is constructing this drain "against the best judgment of the majority of the citizens of the town"? Every ratepayer had a vote. Are we to conclude that the majority of the citizens are not ratepayers? And if the "majority of the citizens" are not ratepayers where does their kick come in anyway?

Another point we wish the public to keep in mind is that this drain is being constructed with the unanimous consent of the town council, some of whom were supporters of the Reform League movement and some of whom were supporters of the Opposition at the last election.

The Globe finds fault with the Public Works Committee because brick required for manholes have been purchased from the Lacombe Brick Tile and Cement Company, and challenges The Advertiser to endorse this action. The Globe appears to think this money for the necessary brick should by all means have gone to Calgary, Edmonton or Red Deer. The Advertiser does most emphatically endorse the Committee's action in this encouraging a valuable home industry. This industry has been established in Lacombe by public spirited citizens, at a large expense. It is such industries as this that help to make a town. But one could not reasonably expect the Globe to take any other stand.

The motto of the Globe appears to be "Knock everything that is beneficial to Lacombe and knock it all the time." We will call the attention of the public to the fact that the Lacombe brick is the very best brick obtainable for the purpose and that the price at which the Lacombe Brick Company is furnishing them is lower than brick of like quality, or even of inferior quality, could be obtained from any other source.

Knock 'em again Bro. Halpin. Kill everything good in the town if you can.

The Globe takes The Advertiser to task for not having knocked previous councils when, in the Globe's opinion, they so richly deserved knocking. The Advertiser is compelled to admit that former councils may have been more in need of knocking than is this council, but knocking has never been our policy. We have always preferred to boost. We do not feel that our policy requires any apology.

The editor of the Globe seems to think that because former councils did not get their merited allowance of knocking it is up to him to give the accumulation with interest to this council—the best council of the bunch. This may be a logical policy from the confirmed knocker's standpoint, but we submit that it is not British fair play.

Three in One.

The best weekly newspaper, a family magazine without an equal and an agricultural paper second to none is what one gets in the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. Three publications in one and each the best of its kind and all for one dollar a year is the explanation of the wonderful success of Canada's greatest newspaper. No home in Canada should be without the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal when it costs only one dollar a year.

UNION BANK
OF CANADA

Established 1865.

TOTAL ASSETS
EXCEED
\$30,000,000.

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Should be opened at this time of year.

\$1.00 is enough to start with but the more you can put in the better. There is nothing that gives such a genuine sense of security as a bank account in an old Reliable Bank like the Union Bank of Canada. Interest paid or added to principal 4 times a year.

LACOMBE BRANCH: E. K. STRATHY, Manager.

A Newspaper Bargain

The Lacombe Advertiser AND The Family Herald and Weekly Star } \$1.75

The Advertiser will furnish you with everything of interest in this local territory. Every home in this district should receive the local paper.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is the acknowledged best family and farm paper in Canada. Its magnificent news service; its numerous special departments; its interesting magazine features; its great serials and popular short stories make it the greatest dollar's worth to be had.

The combination of the Advertiser and The Family Herald and Weekly Star provides the greatest amount of wholesome family reading and reliable news from all parts of the world.

Send your subscription to:

THE ADVERTISER, Lacombe, Alta.

THE LEADING STORE

Warm Weather Now
But Winter is Coming

AND YOU WILL NEED GOOD
FURNACE OR HEATING STOVE

**McClary's
Sunshine Furnace**

installed by us is guaranteed to give
satisfaction in every respect.

**McClary's Belle Oaks
and Famous Oaks**

cannot be excelled. We have the
Belle Oak in sizes 12, 14 and 16. Fa-
mous Oak, sizes 140 and 160. Air-
Tights in all sizes.

CAMPBELL & TITSWORTH.

F. P. SWITZER

PHONE 65.

A Few of the

Onions
6 lb for 25
Pears
3 lb for 25
Grapes
15c per lb
Rolled Oats
45c

Week's Prices

Figs, 3 lb 25c
Evap. Apples
2 lb 25
Dates, 10c lb
Oranges
50c doz.
Calgary
Flour, \$3.25

NEWS
for the Farmer

When you come to town to get your supply of Flour and Groceries for the Winter, you will make a fatal mistake if you do not call and compare our prices with the prices of the other General Stores.

Lacombe Meat Market

Choice beef, pork, sausages and fish.
Telephone orders will receive careful attention.

A. A. Woodle,

NEXT TO ROYAL HOTEL

LACOMBE

Cold Weather Underwear for Women and Children

A leap from summer to winter. That is what is going to happen. So it might be well to make your purchases now while our stock is complete. We have a large variety of all styles and sizes, and we might say, all prices. Give us a call as we are always glad to see you.

MRS. G. G. MOBLEY

ALL HAIL PE-RU-NA.
A Case of
STOMACH CATARRH.

Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., writes: "I suffered from five weeks of catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctoring without effect. In contact with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say, All hail to Peru-na."

Mr. H. J. Henneman, Oakland, Neb., writes: "I wanted to write to you about my sickness, catarrh of the stomach, which I had over a year ago. There were people who told me it would not stay cured, but I am sure that Peru-na cured me. I feel much better and am getting fast. A good appetite and am getting fast. A good appetite and am getting fast. A good appetite and am getting fast."

"I thank you for your kindness. Peru-na will be our house medicine hereafter." Catarrh of the stomach is also known in common parlance as dyspepsia, gastritis and indigestion. No medicine will be of any permanent benefit except it removes the catarrhal condition.

Gained Strength and Flesh
Miss Julia Butler, R. R. 4, Appleton, Wis., writes she had catarrh of the stomach, causing loss of sleep and appetite, with frequent severe pains after eating. She took Peru-na, her appetite returned, she gained strength, flesh and perfect health.

English Pronunciation
That names of places in England frequently are not pronounced as spelled is proved by the experience of two cyclists who were going from Clanton to the village of St. Oyth. "Are we right for St. Oyth?" they asked a laborer. But a blank look met the question; he had never heard of no such place. On wayfarer interrogated was also ignorant. Then came a third. A scratched head, a puzzled look and then the dawn of intelligence. "Aye, to be sure, I have it now. It's Susey you mean."

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. A. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If I were asked who were the cleverest man at repartee, I should unhesitatingly reply W. S. Gilbert, and Robinson. There is one delightful instance of his wit I remember. He walked into a club one day, when a man with a drawn up face approached him and said:— "I say, have you seen a waiter in here with one eye called James?" "What was the name of the other eye?" asked Mr. Gilbert, without smiling.

Wife—I don't know where that child got his vile temper from—not from me, I'm sure. Husband (sighing)—No, my dear; you certainly haven't lost any of yours. Tit-Bits.

The Cough of Consumption

Your doctor will tell you that fresh air and good food are the real cures for consumption. But often the cough is very hard. Hence, we suggest that you ask your doctor about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the tickling, quiets the cough.

We publish our Remedies for the Cough and Consumption, and for the cure of the same, in our book, "The Cough and Consumption," which we will send you free of charge on receipt of a stamped address.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile, and produce gentle laxative effect the following morning on each bow. There is no danger. He will understand at a glance. Dose, one pill at bedtime.

W. N. U. No. 554

TALE OF A SEA-GOING MONKEY.

Captain of Steamship Reports a Suicide Due to Wounded Pride.

The British freighter *Errol* recently arrived at the Bush Shores after a 12,000 mile trip from the far east. Aboard the freighter were a number of Chinese, members of the ship's crew; a few Chinese chow dogs, Japanese, and a lot of monkeys. Capt. Lockhart is the sponsor for this story.

When the good ship was two days out from Singapore, a large monkey, one of five aboard ship, escaped from its cage and bolted through the hawse pipe, to the outer rim of which it clung, defying every mother's son of the crew to catch him. The monkey had not been affable to the crew during the trip and had made friends with only one person, Li Tan, the Chinese steward. Li finally coaxed the simian aboard the ship, when one of the officers commenced to belabor it with a stout piece of rope. When the officer had concluded the beating he threw the rope on the deck and as he felt it curled up in the form of a coil—a hangman's noose. The officer noticed it and exclaimed at the monkey: "That was what we were to give you."

The monkey was put back in his cage with the rest of the crew, which he had gathered up. The officers thought he wanted to play with it and he had no harm in the world. The next morning, when the keeper of the animals made the rounds, he noticed that the selfsame monkey had been found in the previous day had escaped again. A search was at once instituted, but the monkey was nowhere found. All hope of finding him was given up.

But later in the day, when Li Tan discovered his simian friend dangling at the end of the rope, just as the hangman had passed the noose over his head.

"Of course it was done by design," exclaimed the captain to one of the incredulous who were listening. "It was not an accident. The monkey overcame with great ease the difficulty of the beating and had decided to take the officer who made that mistake the hangman's noose over his head."

HOW FOG AFFECTS THEM.
Birds Become Entirely Confused During Heavy Fogs.

Nothing has such a bewildering effect as fog. Only animals which are very sure of their way about in it with any certainty, says Chums. Birds are entirely confused by it. Some pigeons remain all day motionless and half asleep, huddled up, either in or just outside their pigeon holes.

Chickens remain motionless for hours during heavy fogs. No bird is so sure of its way about in it as a crow. It is because it fears to betray its whereabouts to an unseen foe.

During the very thick fog a blind man was found wandering about a certain district in London. This man was in the habit of coming up every day from the suburbs, carrying notes and parcels, and was so sure of his way that he never before. Asked why he had gone astray (for he was quite blind), he replied that he was so sure of his way that he never before. Asked why he had gone astray (for he was quite blind), he replied that he was so sure of his way that he never before.

Big Birds on Small Wings.
In an attempt to discover the universal law of bird flight scientists have disclosed concerning a number of species a most puzzling paradox, perhaps the most mysterious of the enigmas that the subject presents. It is this: The larger the bird, the smaller the wings in proportion to the increase in size of the body of the bird. For instance, the Australian crane, for instance, weighs over 300 times more than the sparrow, yet the wings of the crane are only one-seventh the wing area of the smaller bird.

This curious fact is equally striking if we compare birds with insects. If the guinea were increased in size until it was as large as a crane, and if the wings of the insect were enlarged to maintain the proportion, they would be so large that they would be about one hundred and fifty times larger than the crane's. The crane's wings are only one-seventh the wing area of the smaller bird.

Pampered Dogs.
London veterinarians tell surprising stories about dogs. There was a poodle for which a prime leg of lamb was usually reserved. It was the dog's other pet which, when taken into the custody of the veterinarian, were viewed every day by their owners in carriages, whose footmen would get down from the box and hand in parting presents and other dainties on a silver dish for the sick dog.

Old Noble, Queen Victoria's favorite collie, was often taken in as a patient by one veterinary and found to be suffering from overfeeding. It would frequently eat a whole roast lamb and the wonder is that it lived so long.

A veterinary once got a telegram from Oxford to go down instantly and treat a pet dog that had fallen down stairs and broken its leg. But the veterinary had to wire that the last train was gone, whereupon another message came: "The dog is dead," and he did, at a cost of \$150.

Indoor Paupers in England.
Official statistics of pauperism for the second quarter of the present year, recently issued, show a slight but general decrease which has been shown since December, 1905, has been maintained—showing that a large number of persons receiving outdoor relief—the number of indoor paupers was higher last quarter than in 1905.

SORE FEET

Don't let your feet suffer from blisters, chafes, and sores. Use the famous "Pen-Angle" shoe. It is the only shoe that will cure your feet. It is the only shoe that will cure your feet. It is the only shoe that will cure your feet.



School Children's Dilemma.
"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box." "Etc." is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do. "The equator is a menagerie line running round the centre of the earth." "The climate of Bombay is such that the inhabitants have to live in a box."

"Henry VIII was brave, corpulent and cruel" he was frequently married to a widow, had an ulcer in his leg and great decision of character."

It Needs No Testimonial!—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials were required they could be furnished in thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth as cures for various ailments, but no more. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

The Venerable Verger!—In this far corner lies William the Conqueror, the lord of the manor, who can't read 'Oud and Canal Water' and who has a guide book, as I see you are in your 'and, tell you who is lying' here."

The Skeptical Tourist!—But I can guess—Cleveland Leader.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. HAD DENVER.

Have you heard the story about Mr. Jacob Astor and the man he met at Niagara? When Mr. Astor went to view the Falls—the story goes—there was a man near him who groaning in the water. Mr. Astor asked him if he was unwell.

"No, no, but what a waste of water!" "Perhaps you are an engineer, and would like to turn this waste water into power?" "No, it isn't that," replied the other. "I'm a milkman."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Dear Sirs,—I had a bleeding tooth for my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good result. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles made a complete cure, and it healed all my sores and disappeared altogether.

Customer!—That ice cream freezer you sold me doesn't do the work you claim for it at all. The salesman—No? Perhaps you—didn't use the best quality of ice. It's very important to have the very best, you know.

"But, Captain Brierly, who do they always call a ship, 'she'?" "Lord, miss, you wouldn't ask that if you'd ever tried her steer one."—Judge.

Itch, Mange, Psoriasis and every form of contagious skin disease cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

Little Millie!—Grandad, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond ring? Grandfather—The woman.—Pick-Me-Up.

The village carpenter had given so freely of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was completed all the summer people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the luncheon which it will be to follow the dedication exercises.

The day and the carpenter's turn came daily. "Ladies and gentlemen—my dear friends!"—he began, his good brown face very red indeed, "an angelic deat better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

"Then he ceased," he had said and cast down amid roars of laughter. —Youth's Companion.

Pen-Angle
The undershoe that fits perfectly, wears out slowest, and neither shrinks nor stretches, is named PEN-ANGLE, and bears this trade mark in red. Who sells it? The shoe maker. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, of your own choice. Pen-Angle shoes are in demand everywhere. PEN-ANGLE shoes are in demand everywhere. PEN-ANGLE shoes are in demand everywhere.

IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

A Scene of Pandemonium Described by Writer in "Blackwoods."

In the courtyard before the temple the crowd was thicker than ever, but within the three doorways was pandemonium indescribable. Things were in a state of confusion, and then a heavy crowd of men, a maxim fusillade of crackers tore away the attention. In the first instant by the pandemonium, says a writer in "Blackwoods," sweating cools was drawing holy water from the well, and then slipping out to pilgrims gratis for good luck. No time for ritualistic elegancies, besides, we don't value a brass cash.

In a cluster by the model joint a middle-aged woman of respectable appearance—some good wit, no doubt—was arguing with a A Dirty Temple-Blessing over a bamboo joint, full of divining sticks. "You need deposit first," she was saying; "just now a box was stolen."

The lady (she is plain and anxious looking) was compromised by agreeing to say her prayers on the spot. She felt the fellow what it is she desires in two short words, without troubling to lower her voice, and then down on her knees in the thick of the crowd. We went back to give her room to knock her head clear of our legs. She rattles her box of pills till it flies out. We are pushed and hustled away by the swirling throng. A crowd of men are struggling to light incense-sticks at the guttering tapers in a brazen censer as long as a lance. A lot of voices, drifting smoke, and ashes that flutter down. Images how people knock the images and their fat red arms, which looked so parish on the day of my peaceful first visit, are now seen through a veil of smoke, effulgent countenances, and rosy limbs.

Remember, then, that these monstrous Chinese deities were never designed to be walked round, patting, and patted, but to be gazed upon with the eye of faith amid scintillating accompaniments. There is a clear space before the Queen of Heaven, where a dozen women are kneeling on round mats there. They have all.

Black Heads
From bumping their heads on the ground. The ground may be dirty but it is dry, and the patches are wet and shiny. I think there is something artificial about this. One lady is unwilling to work in a moist but she has to go to work with the eye of faith amid scintillating accompaniments. There is a clear space before the Queen of Heaven, where a dozen women are kneeling on round mats there. They have all.

LOST ON THE FIELDS.
Boy Wanders For Four Days Without Food.

After having been lost on the Ulla-walla Falls, and without food for four days and four nights, Thomas, the boy, was found by a party of men. He was just as safely restored to his parents. He was only saved by merit.

DAVID HENDERSON.
Bellelie Station, King's Co. N.B. Sept. 17, 1904.

Customer!—That ice cream freezer you sold me doesn't do the work you claim for it at all. The salesman—No? Perhaps you—didn't use the best quality of ice. It's very important to have the very best, you know.

"But, Captain Brierly, who do they always call a ship, 'she'?" "Lord, miss, you wouldn't ask that if you'd ever tried her steer one."—Judge.

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GREEN TEA

once and you will never return to the adulterated teas of Japan.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 40c, 50c and 60c per pound. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

A MYSTERIOUS CALL.
Three Dots, Three Points of Light and a Mars Possibility.

Strange things are happening. For some time past toward midnight the receiver of the wireless telegraph stations have registered, and for a long period at a time, the signal three dots, which is persistently repeated. It has been proved, after investigation, that from the earth station has such a message been sent at such a time. What, then, is this mysterious call? These three dots singularly recall three points of light which were observed on the planet Mars in 1901.

Midnight. Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap. Three sharp little knocks, short and hurried, and instantly in the vast silence of the Marconi station. The sleeping employees are awakened with a start, and frightened and vaguely anxious, they look at each other.

"Did you hear it? It is beginning again. What is it, and who on earth can be sending out such convulsions?" "Don't you know your Morse alphabet? Three short dashes mean S. W. It recalls receiver never stop sounding S. S. S. made no one knows why it is repeating it? It gets on one's nerves—listen!"

Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap. "Yes, it is true, but what can we do? Every night this happens at midnight. As long as S is being telegraphed, the receiver will register it. When they have had enough of it they stop it."

But in the loneliness of their stations, so lost and solitary at the end of the promontory, the employees at the wireless telegraph station feel, in the oppressive silence of the deserted night, those painful shivers which the black wing of mystery seems creeping up the back as it flies near. For several days past these three taps have been continually repeated. Inquiries have been made at all the stations in the whole world. No one has sent forth such a message. Some one is telegraphing, not from this world. It must be that, that the message comes from somewhere beyond. What is this obstinate little voice that calls to us in the silence across the cold immensity of sidereal space?

Three dots! Wait a moment—why, in 1892 and again in 1901 the observers of the heavens were talking about three dots. During those two years, through the most powerful telescopes, a triangle made of three luminous dots was distinguishable, not the planet Mars, small to our sight, but in reality immense, a triangle whose sides measured several hundred kilometers in length. These luminous spots stood out in dazzling whiteness against the blood red background of Mars—Charles Torrey in Metropolitan Magazine.

Pale, sickly children should use "Eggle's" Worm Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

The coming sale of Orleans house is a reminder that many anecdotes of Louis Philippe, who gave the modern name to the nation, are still around Twickenham. When "Eggle" returned to England after the loss of his kingdom, he went one day to Twickenham to see some of his old schoolmates, and was asked by a stout person whose name he could not recollect, "What were you when I lived here?" asked the ex-king. The reply, "I kept the Crown," meaning the public house near the entrance to Orleans house. "Did you rejoice Louis Philippe?" "Well, my good fellow, you were lucky; you did what I was unable to do."

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Kallag's Dysentery and Cholera Remedy. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease, and is the strongest man and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine may say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

There was a specialist in a certain complaint who always insisted that, as he was an exceptional busy man, his patients should partially dress themselves of clothing before coming to his presence. One day a man came in without having done this, and was about to speak when the doctor burst out with:—"Don't you know my role about taking off your clothing? Go and do it at once!"

"I refuse to see you until you have removed the upper clothing," replied the doctor.

A moment later the man appeared. "That's better," said the doctor. "Now, what's wrong with you?" "I want to ask you to settle this little tailor's bill which has been outstanding so long," said the victim.

WILSON'S FLY PADS
One packet has actually killed a hundred of flies.

WILSON'S FLY PADS
One packet has actually killed a hundred of flies.



once and you will never return to the adulterated teas of Japan.

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"Did you hear it? It is beginning again. What is it, and who on earth can be sending out such convulsions?" "Don't you know your Morse alphabet? Three short dashes mean S. W. It recalls receiver never stop sounding S. S. S. made no one knows why it is repeating it? It gets on one's nerves—listen!"

Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap. "Yes, it is true, but what can we do? Every night this happens at midnight. As long as S is being telegraphed, the receiver will register it. When they have had enough of it they stop it."

But in the loneliness of their stations, so lost and solitary at the end of the promontory, the employees at the wireless telegraph station feel, in the oppressive silence of the deserted night, those painful shivers which the black wing of mystery seems creeping up the back as it flies near. For several days past these three taps have been continually repeated. Inquiries have been made at all the stations in the whole world. No one has sent forth such a message. Some one is telegraphing, not from this world. It must be that, that the message comes from somewhere beyond. What is this obstinate little voice that calls to us in the silence across the cold immensity of sidereal space?

Three dots! Wait a moment—why, in 1892 and again in 1901 the observers of the heavens were talking about three dots. During those two years, through the most powerful telescopes, a triangle made of three luminous dots was distinguishable, not the planet Mars, small to our sight, but in reality immense, a triangle whose sides measured several hundred kilometers in length. These luminous spots stood out in dazzling whiteness against the blood red background of Mars—Charles Torrey in Metropolitan Magazine.

Pale, sickly children should use "Eggle's" Worm Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

The coming sale of Orleans house is a reminder that many anecdotes of Louis Philippe, who gave the modern name to the nation, are still around Twickenham. When "Eggle" returned to England after the loss of his kingdom, he went one day to Twickenham to see some of his old schoolmates, and was asked by a stout person whose name he could not recollect, "What were you when I lived here?" asked the ex-king. The reply, "I kept the Crown," meaning the public house near the entrance to Orleans house. "Did you rejoice Louis Philippe?" "Well, my good fellow, you were lucky; you did what I was unable to do."

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Kallag's Dysentery and Cholera Remedy. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease, and is the strongest man and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine may say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

There was a specialist in a certain complaint who always insisted that, as he was an exceptional busy man, his patients should partially dress themselves of clothing before coming to his presence. One day a man came in without having done this, and was about to speak when the doctor burst out with:—"Don't you know my role about taking off your clothing? Go and do it at once!"

"I refuse to see you until you have removed the upper clothing," replied the doctor.

A moment later the man appeared. "That's better," said the doctor. "Now, what's wrong with you?" "I want to ask you to settle this little tailor's bill which has been outstanding so long," said the victim.

WILSON'S FLY PADS
One packet has actually killed a hundred of flies.

Send your \$ to The Advertiser office.

Good Times Along the Creek

WHAT a treasure-trove the old creek is! What riches of nature's stores are hid away in its rippling surface, or displayed along its banks!

The creek itself is wonderful, always surprising you with its wayward fancies and restlessness. Here it runs along smoothly, in seeming content; there it bubbles out and its waters ripple and rustle and swirl over and around rocks without number; then it divides and shows you in its middle as pretty a little island as you might wish for your picnic's sake; often it bounds and curves its way that keeps you in the height of expectancy, wondering what new view will stretch before you.

What comfortable places the banks of the creek afford! There, to give grateful shade, are the fringes of oak, dogwood, birch, beech and witch hazel trees—the last variety so called because in the early days of our country old men and women thought to be witches gathered the roots and used the juices as a cure for all ills.

Here, too, you see the beautiful swamp cabbage, standing in places where the mud has collected, while its purple folds rolled up in pointed buds. Near it were the tassels of the swamp alder, and close by you see the pointed leaves and stalks of the yellow adonis' tongue. "Snake feeders" glide here and there, and, without thinking, you look eagerly around for the snake, but nothing but wee toads and grasshoppers greet your eye.

Where the thorny greenberries cluster the hardy robins winter and the pheasants and quail eat the seeds and hide there from their enemies.

Over the water the bank-swallow alights, sometimes resting the surface just as do the stones you fly across to the other side. The kingfisher gives after his meal and the blue jay, who dashes after minnow or pollywog. Right above you the catbird scolds or laughs mockingly.

Along the bank the muskrat has his home. Just under the water's edge he digs his hole. It is placed at a distance, and at the end of it is his nest, nice and dry. The muskrat and the raccoon both like muskrat holes; they dig from beds in the muddy shallow. Besides some stone or tree near the water, you will see piles of their shells where the animal has eaten their contents.

If you care to fish, the sunfish provides just as good sport as the mountain trout. Among the sand and pebbles it builds its nest and ferociously drives away its enemies. Even a chub, red-fish or a catfish may come to your hook. Of course, you'll catch lots of minnows, but who wants minnows?

Frog eggs swing from the branches of plants under water. The stumpy-legged tadpoles you see frisking around. From a log or stone near the bank yellow and speckled-throated frog, dropped up on their forelegs and swim solemnly. Tortoises and turtles plunk into the water and are lost sight of. You know, the ribs of the tortoise are united to their whole length, while those of the turtle are separate at the ends.

Oh, yes, there's lots to be seen. After you've had a refreshing swim and lie there under a shady tree you don't feel like ever moving—even to go home for something to eat.

The Cat and the Bear

LEUTENANT C. D. RHODES, U. S. A., relates in Dr. Nicholas the following story of how a cat compelled a bear to flee.

Chris Bruin, the veteran first sergeant of Troop D, had a cat, which, during the summer campaign of 1904, was the Lower Cuyler Basin, made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pile of blankets, she watched the world in general, and dogs in particular. When the latter approached, she would crouch and growl, and when a brave little black bear came to her brave little black bear, she would swell up like a coal, and her tail would curl up threateningly. One day, however, she was so near, she would hiss and exhibit the usual signs of hostility until the intruder had vanished from her senses.

One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine and every soldier in camp felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain side, and, whether because he was in search of adventure or because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the camp.

Suddenly the cat caught sight of him. Dazed by the score she had seen, but this particular "dog" was the largest and the hairiest dog she had ever seen. But she did not hesitate. It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away, and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches.

Meanwhile, the black bear, who had stalked proudly about on the ground beneath, keeping close guard, and his huge captive, her back well curved into a low arch and her head bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a significant little wave, as if to say: "That's the way I settle important bears."

The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents and camped nearby, noticed the bear's eyes; but there was the look in the bear's eyes, and the way he looked at the soldiers, that they knew he was no ordinary bear. And perhaps the strangest part of it all was that the bear did not stir from his safe position in the branches until the cat had been completely driven down from the tree and had disappeared down from the camp and about half of the mountain.

The Bear Did It.
Neighbor—Was it you who broke my window?
Tommy—Well, I helped.
Neighbor—You helped, did you? How helped?
Tommy—It was a ball that broke your window—but I threw it.

More Gratitude.
Tommy—Who's going to tell Joe's mother he's hurt?
Jack—Let's send Clarence. He's sure to be won't tell it so sudden.

DAY DREAMS IN THE HAMMOCK



OF GOBLINS and princes and ladies so fair,
And castles and treasures and jewels so rare;
A big, shaggy bear;
A princess who's carried away by a knave,
And brought back again by a hero so brave;
A wonderful cave.

I know that you'll say this is all a day dream;
The fancies I'm spinning are not what they seem—
They'll vanish like steam.
But truly they're real; for, whenever I look,
A witch or a giant's in each shadowed nook,
Like those in my book.

Of these and lots others I dream, hours a day;
It's easy to think of grand things when you stay
In hammocks that sway.

The trees tell me stories; the sparrows, in song,
'Bout fairyland elms, to fly there with me long.
With sprites I belong.

"Dottie Dimple"

IT IS true that Elizabeth had such pretty dimples, and as she was so merry, always laughing, whenever you saw Elizabeth you noticed her dimples. But, then, what was the use of having such "ornaments of beauty," as Ralph called them, if you didn't make use of them?

Dottie was a close friend of Elizabeth, so it was natural that she should admire the dimples—but she so longed to have such dimples herself, and spoke so much about it to the other girls that they began to call her "Dottie Dimple."

Ralph cured her of the "Dimple" by painting her face with a paint brush and carefully painting two dimples on Dottie's cheeks.

Dottie declared to herself when she came home that day she would never say the word "dimple" again. All the afternoon the girls had made fun of her, nor did she gain peace until she reached home.

Strange to say, although Ralph had cured her of the habit, she wasn't at all grateful to him!

PAINTING DIMPLES

crase," as he dubbed it. Brothers take lots of liberties, you know, that others don't dare to.

Dottie was taking a nap just before school time. As Ralph saw her a mischievous idea entered his head. Running back to the tool shed he grabbed a paint brush and carefully painted two dimples on Dottie's cheeks.

Dottie declared to herself when she came home that day she would never say the word "dimple" again. All the afternoon the girls had made fun of her, nor did she gain peace until she reached home.

Strange to say, although Ralph had cured her of the habit, she wasn't at all grateful to him!

At that time Nettie had offered to "keep house" until the sister's return. Uncle George never forgot this kindness, and, although Nettie refused any remuneration, he promised himself that she should be rewarded.

So that when Nettie, leaning over the fence, looked into his yard and said, aloud, "It's a shame such nice ground should be wasted," she was surprised to hear a voice come from behind the tree nearby:

"Well, Nettie, I'll give you the use of it for a time." Uncle George came into view.

Nettie thought, what fun this would be, to have a garden all her own, so she was soon industriously at work planting.

MR. RABBIT WASN'T HOME—BUT THE SNAKE WAS

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A PROLIC WITH A CROUVIOUS ENDING

TAINT no use talking, Jack; I've got to go with the folks—

Last year I sneaked away and left grandpa with all the baskets to carry. Pa was out of town, but he told him about it when he came back, and pa says I've got to do my share of the work this time or else I can't go.

Jack Warner whistled in sympathy as Bill Mumford looked dolefully down from the top of the freight car upon which they were perched.

"Too bad," said he; "half of the fun you get on a picnic is in going and coming—and you can't have any fun if you're a lot of baskets to mind."

"I'll meet you at the grove, anyway. None of the other fellows are going. They're all going to wait for the Lutheran picnic, but I guess we'll find something to do."

Jack shinned down the ladder and made a bee-line for dinner, leaving Bill to scrape from his trousers some of the tar he had collected where he had been sitting.

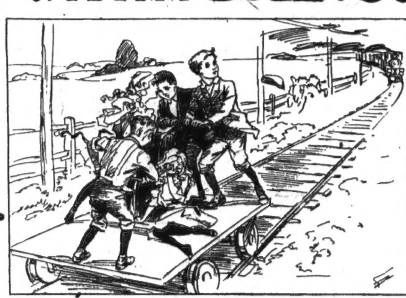
The next morning saw the perspiring Bill laboring toward the station under the weight of two heavy baskets.

"Gosh ding!" he said to himself; "if it wasn't for what's coming I'd chuck the job and run." But Bill never ran from a picnic in his life, and didn't intend beginning now.

However, diligent work is always rewarded. Bill managed to enjoy the ride in the train, even if he was with the folks, and his spirits had risen to their highest pitch by the time Chestnut Grove was reached.

Jack was there to meet him with a hearty yell, and helped him carry the baskets to the table selected.

Of course, the two first made a beeline for the lake. That was a custom from which no member of the "bloody



SUDDENLY AN ONCOMING LOCOMOTIVE APPEARED

Robbers' ever departed. For almost an hour they paddled on the water, and, after lunch they invited Ted Yarnall to go along for a climb up the mountain, and finally condescended to permit Ted's sister and Jack's sister to accompany them.

It was great fun forcing your way through the underbrush, though when the way grew very steep the girls became tired and wanted to rest about every minute. But all were glad enough to rest when they came out upon an open spot near the top of the mountain, where the railroad ran.

Bill slipped shortly, on a little sliding, an old handcar.

"Oh, say," he exclaimed, "wouldn't it be great to ride down the mountain on the car?"

Jack jumped up eagerly. "Flee!" cried he, and I know just how to work the car."

The girls didn't want to go at first, but they were well acquainted with the boys' reckless exploits, but at last they consented. The old car was so rusty that it was hard to move. However, as the grade grew steeper, it fairly whirled down the mountain. Thoroughly frightened, the girls clung to the car and wished they hadn't been so foolish as to take such a risk, while even the boys would have liked to go a little slower.

When they reached the bottom of the slope their speed was tremendous. On they flew along the level stretch. Suddenly, around the bend before them, appeared an oncoming locomotive. Desperately the three tried to stop the car, but there remained no time. Seeing the girls, they leaped from the hand-car and rolled down the bank into a muddy ditch.

The engine dashed into the hand-car, but, of course, no harm was done. As for the boys and girls, they were wet and muddy from head to foot. You can imagine the reception they got when they returned to the picnic grounds.

Fathers and mothers united in saying that not one of them should attend another picnic either that year or next. Jack and Bill wished that they had waited for the Lutheran picnic.

Didn't Know All.
"Johnny, you know why I'm going to punish you, don't you?"
"What for, pa?"
"Well, don't pretend you've done nothing. I know all the bad things you've done today."

Real Proof.
As small Tommy was about to climb into his chair at the dinner table his mother said: "Are your hands clean?"
"Course they're," answered Tommy. "I've don't believe it, look at 'em."

To Make Swimming Fish.
This paper fish can be made to swim without aid may seem impossible, but if you will follow these directions you will see for yourself that it can be done quite easily. Cut out of very thin cardboard a cross of the same shape as that given in the diagram. Bend the ends upward. From the same cardboard cut out fish such as are shown here. Glue the fish to the places indicated on the cross by the letters a, b, c and d.

Now get four pieces of camphor, each about the size of a pea. Attach each little ball of camphor, by glue or run to the tail of a fish, so that the camphor will lie beneath the surface of the water when the whole is floated in a basin.

No sooner is the cross placed in the water than the camphor balls begin to dissolve just as soap does when placed in water. As the balls dissolve, the fish, which your fish will swim rapidly in a circle.

The Boy Across the Way

BERTIE was downright lonesome. You know the awful to feel that way. But when the chum that you've known ever so long, and who taught you ever so many nice games moves away, things aren't just the same for a long while. Besides, it was raining, and that always makes you feel worse.

Bertie jingled together the knife with one blade, the ball-eye and the lucky stone that Tommy had given him before he went away. Instead of cheering him, as they generally did, these treasures only made him more sad and discontented.

Flattening his nose against the window pane he gazed long and earnestly at the house across the way, where the new people had just moved in. Bertie was sure he wouldn't like them, "cause he somehow felt that it was because of them that Tommy had gone. Yet he would like to know if the new folks had any little boys.

Just then he heard some one call from the house, "Jack! Jack! Come right in out of the wet this minute!" Oh, there was a boy! Bertie ran quickly upstairs to see mother, but as he couldn't find her he asked Auntie at the house across the street.

Auntie, hardly hearing him, nodded "yes."

He scampered through the rain and knocked at the door.

"Good morning!" Auntie says I could come over and play with your little boy if I'm not in the way," he explained to the kind-looking lady who came to the door.

The lady looked rather puzzled.

"You see, I heard you call Jacky to come in out of the rain, and I supposed he was lonesome like I was." Bertie went on eagerly.

At this the lady laughed and laughed, so that Bertie's feelings would really have been hurt had she not looked so nice.

"Jacky is a monkey," at last she managed to gasp, "but I believe he would like to play with you just the same."

Indeed, Jacky could play, and he was

much more interesting than a boy. All that afternoon they romped and had all kinds of fun.

That evening Bertie told mother about the boy's story across the way. "I think he's grand," said he, as he wound up his story.



BERTIE AND JACKY

Experiment With Matches.
In a basin of water soak a number of matches, arranging them so that the heads are turned toward the center, as are the spokes of a wheel. Leave a little space in the very center.

Put this piece of soap in the water. Immediately the matches will move away from it toward the sides of the basin.

On the other hand, if you dip in the water a large lump of sugar, the matches will be attracted, and will move toward it.

Its Proper Place.
"Have you ever seen a lion skin?" asked the stern school director of a little boy in the front row.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response. "Where?" questioned the director, much gratified at the boy's earnestness.

"On the lion," said the scholar.

Mother—Merry, child, how do you get your hands all dirty? You never saw mine as dirty as this!

Child—No, but I guess grandma did!

To Make Swimming Fish

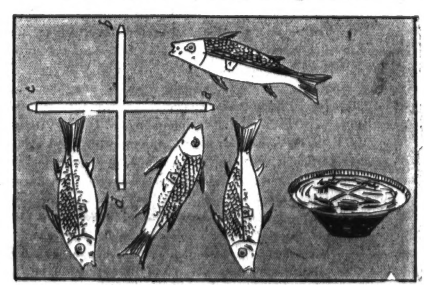


DIAGRAM EXPLAINING THE TRICK

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Bentley Athletic Association.

The Bentley Athletic Association held their second annual field meet and banquet on Thanksgiving Day.

The day was given over to athletic games in large variety.

In the evening a fine banquet was served in McPherson's hall, of which about eighty partook, several from Lacombe and other nearby points being present. One of the noteworthy features of the evening's entertainment was the large number of ladies who graced the occasion. This is a feature that could profitably be copied by all other similar organizations. The large hall was tastefully decorated with spruce boughs, flags and bunting the bright colors blending beautifully with the temptingly set tables. After a blessing was asked by Rev. Neville all proceeded to do ample justice to the good things provided. This agreeable task completed the toast list came next on the program.

Major W. B. McPherson very acceptably filled the position of toastmaster, and the first toast proposed was "King and Country" which was loyally drunk by all present.

The toast "The Senate and House of Commons" was responded to by F. E. Wilkins and W. Crow, in the absence of Senator Talbot to whom it had been assigned.

The "Provincial Legislature" was responded to by W. F. Puffer M. P. P. who enlarged upon the integrity, ability and general fitness of those who now hold the reins of government in this province, and also upon the wisdom of the autonomy grant of cash in lieu of lands, timber, minerals etc. He also assured his hearers that there was no graft in any way shape or form connected with the present government of the province, that all road work and other government contracts were given to the best men irrespective of party affiliations.

To the toast "Bentley Athletic Association" H. A. Brownlow and C. A. Putland responded. Mr. Brownlow gave a brief history of the Association and called attention to its scope. Mr. Putland spoke briefly in a humorous vein.

Mr. F. Vickerson gave the first response to "Our Province and Its Prospects." He called attention to the immensity of the province and its vast and varied resources; to its wonderful development up to the present and to the more wonderful development just ahead. He alluded to the probability of Lacombe and Bentley being connected by an electric railway in the near future, but in the main left that subject to the following speaker, Mr. F. E. Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins gave particular attention to this project, showing its entire feasibility and going somewhat into detail as to probable cost of construction and the possibility of financing such an undertaking at this time. The speeches by these two gentlemen left their hearers with a very optimistic feeling regarding the building of this railway in the very near future.

Mr. H. A. Murphy also responded to the above toast in a highly entertaining manner embellishing his remarks with numerous mirth provoking anecdotes.

Mr. W. Crow was introduced to the assemblage as the "Mark Twain

of Alberta" and spoke at considerable length on "Our Province and Its Prospects." He objected to calling it "Our" province as it is all owned in Ottawa. He said we do not own the land, nor the timber, nor the coal, nor the minerals, nor the water nor the fish therein—all, all belong to Ottawa, hence we cannot consistently call it "Our" province. But Mr. Crow believed this would be changed soon and the province come into possession of its own. He also warned the young men to beware of the wily politicians who would lead them astray. He related several entertaining humorous anecdotes of early pioneering days in Alberta, when rabbit was the chief article of diet for the settlers.

"The Learned Professions" were handled by W. J. Kelly, Dr. Anger and Dr. Evans in very entertaining speeches. Dr. Anger evening up things with Mr. Crow on one or two scores.

"Our Town" brought out loyal responses from J. H. Dampson, J. H. Morrison and Rev. P. H. Neville. These three speakers made it very plain that Bentley's citizens are intensely loyal to their town, and that therein lies the secret of the success of their undertakings. One speaker alluded with justifiable pride to the fact that there are no "knockers" in Bentley. Mr. Morrison's happy allusions to Bentley's rapid increase in population provoked much merriment.

"The Ladies" were toasted by W. M. Fleming and F. W. Thorp. Both young men rose to the occasion creditably. Mr. Fleming believed that the ladies should be induced to take a more active part in athletics. He thought that a ladies' tennis club would be a good thing for next season.

The banquet was brought to a close by all joining in singing "God Save the King."

Lacombe Rifle Association.

Editor Lacombe Advertiser.

Dear Sir: Three or four years ago some of the citizens of Lacombe started a Rifle Association, to be conducted under the regulation of the Dominion Government, but, owing to the apathy of the members it was allowed to die a natural death after a very short existence.

This is a bad state of affairs, as the Dominion Government gives great encouragement and assistance to this form of sport.

I have lately received a letter upon the matter from Colonel S. B. Stege, Commanding Military District No. 13, in which he says: "It seems a matter for regret that such a large centre as Lacombe should be without any defence organization." He further adds, "Captain Mackie, D. S. O., District Staff Adjutant, will visit Lacombe and see you personally on this matter some time next month and in the meantime if you can arouse sufficient local interest to get the Association on its feet again, or form a new Association, I shall be very pleased to render you any assistance in my power."

It is necessary for there to be 30 members, properly enrolled, who must be residents of the locality, before the Association will be recognized by the Government, and as the government provides rifles and ammunition free and gives an annual grant towards the maintenance of a range, I think there certainly should be something

done at once towards starting so desirable an organization.

I shall be only too pleased to give any information I can on the matter to anyone desirous of joining.

Yours truly,

L. B. BROWN.

OFFICIAL MINUTES OF TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

Lacombe, Oct. 29 1907. Minutes of council meeting held on the above named date.

Members present, Mayor D. C. Gourlay, Councillors, W. J. Simpson, F. Vickerson, H. A. Murphy. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The following communications were read:

Communication from Jan. Balantine re assessment read and referred to secretary to reply.

Communication from Willis Chipman re engineer received and placed on file.

The following bills were read: F. V. Parsons.....\$2.50 Bell Telephone Co......40

Report of finance committee: Lacombe, Oct. 29, 1907.

To the Mayor and council of the town of Lacombe, Gentlemen: We, your Finance committee beg leave to report that we have examined the following accounts and recommend that they be paid: Morrison & Johnston \$20.15, \$11.25 fire water and light, \$8.90 public works.

Morris & Taylor \$6.20 fire water and light.

Blindman River Elec. Power Co. \$9.65 fire water and light.

Blindman River Elec. Power Co. \$262.50 fire water and light.

Bulletin Co., Edmonton, \$1.50 public works (drain).

F. Vickerson \$19.80 executive and finance (contingent).

H. A. Murphy \$19.80 executive and finance (contingent).

C. Danner \$4.50 fire water and light.

F. Danner \$3.75 fire water and light.

The Herald Co., Calgary, \$4.50 public works (drain).

John McNab \$29.25 public works.

Lacombe Plaining Mill \$284.60 public works.

Moved by councillor Simpson, seconded by councillor Murphy, that the report of the finance committee be adopted and that the mayor issue an order on the secretary-treasurer for each amount.

Bylaw for drain connections. Bylaw read a first time by councillor Murphy and there being no objections was taken as read a second time, and all being agreed was taken as read a third time and passed.

There being no further business the Mayor declared the meeting closed.

T. CLARK KING, Sec.-Treas.

Morningside

I hear there is to be a great Halloween dance in the C. O. F. hall on Thursday evening. Also at the same a good time is assured.

Wess Huston was in Calgary for a couple of days last week, on business I guess!

The Rev. A. D. Archibald, who has been Presbyterian minister here for about a year has just received and accepted a call to Ponoka. We cannot afford to lose him, however we have to bow to providence and its equivalent in Ponoka.

The Methodist Sunday school is making preparations for a Christmas entertainment.

A special Thanksgiving service

is to be held in Methodist church on Sunday evening, when the preacher, Mr. F. Cook, will preach a special sermon on "A Handful of Corn."

Spring Valley.

The weather is delightful.

This is the busiest time of the year.

Stacking is nearly completed and a little plowing has been done in spots.

A few farmers have their threshing done; the rest will wait another week or two.

Mrs. Makepeace is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Ross left last Friday for her home in Simcoe County, Ontario.

C. L. Harrison is doing home-stead duties east of Stettler.

The L. and D. Society will resume operations on Wednesday night, Nov. 13. The subject for debate will be, "Resolved that conscience is not an innate principle." We anticipate an interesting discussion.

Elmer Erickson Meets Tragic Death at Edmonton.

Elmer Erickson, formerly living on a farm near Lacombe, but recently of Stettler was killed by the caving in of a sewer trench at Edmonton on Tuesday morning, October 29. The body was brought to Lacombe for burial, the funeral services being held in the Methodist church on Thursday afternoon.

The Edmonton Bulletin gives the following account of the accident:

Elmer Erickson, aged 22, employed by the Canadian White Co. on the trunk sewer excavation work on First street, was smothered to death by a cave-in of the trench at the corner of Sutherland street at 7 o'clock this morning, a few minutes after having commenced work. Two other workmen, S. Perry and J. H. Nursey, who were working at the side of the trench, fell in on top of Erickson, when the cave-in occurred. It was half an hour before the unfortunate man could be got out. He was removed to Dr. Redmond's office, First street, but life was extinct, and efforts to resuscitate were unavailing.

Erickson had worked for the Canadian White Co. all summer, in the capacity of teamster. A week ago he asked to be given a trial at laying sewer pipe, and was taken on. He was unmarried. His father lives in Stettler.

The workmen who were on the ditch state that there was no indication of a cave-in, before it occurred. Not the slightest crack was visible.

Wanted.—Wide awake boys in every city, town and village to sell Western Canada's new weekly newspaper, "The Western Homestead." Hustlers can make money. No capital required. Write for terms immediately. The Western Homestead, Calgary.

"Sutton's Big Double Spectacular Uncle Tom's Cabin" is billed to appear in the opera house, Lacombe, on Friday evening, November 8th.

Auger & Shute now have their dental parlors established upstairs in the Pearson Block, just over their old location.

A number of merchants have now moved into their new rooms in the triangle block.

The Methodist Sunday school is making preparations for a Christmas entertainment.

D. CAMERON

Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher

In the Lundy Real Estate building, next to Merchants Bank, Lacombe.

Wolf Bounty Regulations.

The following extract from regulations for the issue and payment of bounties for the destruction of wolves in the Province of Alberta, north of Township 26 and south of the 55th Parallel of Latitude, has been framed by order-in-council:

1. For the purpose of these regulations the term, "prairie wolf" shall mean the coyote or brush wolf:

"Timber wolf" shall mean the large wolf known as the gray wolf and "wolf pup" shall mean the immature young of the prairie or timber wolf up to the first of August in any year.

2. The bounty upon prairie wolves shall be one dollar per head.

3. The bounty upon timber wolves shall be five dollars per head.

4. The bounty upon wolf pups shall be one dollar per head.

5. For the purpose of these rules and regulations the stock inspectors appointed under the provisions of "The Stock Inspection Ordinance" shall be wolf bounty inspectors.

6. The pelt, including the head of each wolf upon which bounty is claimed must be produced intact to the inspector by the person claiming the bounty. Every person applying for bounty shall furnish the inspector with an affidavit to the effect that the animal upon which bounty is claimed has been killed inside the Province north of township 26 and south of 55th parallel of latitude.

7. Upon the production to him of the pelt of any wolf the inspector shall split both ears from tip to base.

8. No bounty shall be paid under these regulations on any wolf killed prior to the first day of July 1907.

GEORGE HARCOURT, Deputy Minister.

Hospital Fund.

Lacombe, Oct. 31. Mrs. Castleman.....\$ 50 Total of Oct. 10.....\$287.78 Total cash on hand.....\$28.28 Amount paid for hospital site.....\$311.50 Total contributions to date.....\$1199.78

Contributions to Hospital Fund Bazaar.

Cushion cover and other small articles, Mrs. G. G. Mobley.

A quilt cover, Mrs. McGlaughlin.

Gault Coal & Wood

for sale at T. CUMMINGS' Corner Hamilton avenue and Day street

Chamberlain's Remedies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents; large size 50c.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For Bowel Complaints. Price 25 cents.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm. An antiseptic liniment especially valuable for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Rheumatism. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Price 25 cents.

Every one of these preparations is guaranteed and if not fully satisfactory to the purchaser the money will be refunded.

NOTICE

The balance of my stock of Rubbers and Mitts will be sold at half price. This is no fire sale; just closing out, and if you do not think it is so good as see

Gust Halberg

The Shoe Man, Railway station

\$10 REWARD!

STRAYED from the south-west quarter of 22-40-28 W. 4, about August 11. One cayman mare about 8 years old, sorrel, weight about 700, right hind foot white to fetlock; white spot in forehead, saddle marks on back, no visible brand. One yearling sorrel filly, with white spot in face, no visible brand. \$10 reward will be paid for information that will lead to their recovery.

J. F. MILLAN, Bentley.

SUFFOLK PUNCHES

Messrs. Jacques Bros., of Lamerton P. O., Alberta, Importers and Breeders. Stallions for sale.

FOR SALE.

8 horse power gasoline engine, chopper and wood saw all complete. All in first class condition. Will be sold very cheap. Enquire at The Advertiser office.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. H. E. Gordon B. A. Pastor; public service, every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; every Sabbath evening 7 o'clock; Sabbath School and Bible Class every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock. Epworth League Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Junior Epworth League Monday afternoon at 4:30. Public prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers and visitors are extended a special welcome.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock. Christian Endeavor every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Pastor Rev. M. White, M. A. D. D.

ST. CYPRIAN'S CHURCH.

Sunday services, 11 a. m. 7 p. m. Holy Communion let and third Sundays of the month, 11 a. m. Sunday school, 3 p. m. Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.—Rev. R. A. Robinson.